

## CHURCH MATTERS.

**Religious Notices.**  
**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Sunday prayer-meeting, Sabbath at 7 p. m. Weekly prayer-meeting, Thursday, at 7.45 p. m.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.**—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m.; Sunday school, 12 m. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Temperance meeting on Tuesday evenings. Prayer-meeting on Thursday evenings. Young People's meeting, Sabbath evening at 6.30 o'clock.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—Rev. D. R. Lowrie, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school at 2.30 p. m. Prayer-meeting, Thursday evenings at 7.45. Class-meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7.45 o'clock.

**WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Fremont street, corner Franklin.—Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m. Weekly prayer-meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

**CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal).**—Liberty street.—Rev. W. G. Farrington, D.D., Rector. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock. Second service, 4 p. m. Sunday school at 2.45 p. m.

**CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.**—Rev. J. M. Nardello, Pastor. First mass, 8.30 a. m. High mass, 10.30 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

**BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.**—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

**WATKINS M. E. CHURCH.**—Rev. J. Cowans, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m. Prayer-meeting, Thursday evening at 7.45. (Class meeting on Tuesday evening at 7.45.)

**ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Watkins).**—Rev. Daniel I. Edwards, Rector. Morning service, 10.30 o'clock; evening service, 7.30. Sunday school, 3 p. m.

**GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10.30 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday evening, 7.45 o'clock.

**REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).**—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday evening.

**HOPE CHAPEL.**—Sunday school every Sabbath at 3.30 p. m. John G. Brighton, Superintendent.

**SILVER LAKE.**—Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 p. m. Charles A. Hubbs, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7.30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Friday evening.

**The Rev. D. R. Lowrie** will deliver in the Park M. E. Church on Sabbath evening a memorial discourse on "The Life and Character of Bishop Simpson." The Bishop was the most eloquent divine in the Church. The pulpit will be appropriately draped. The young people of the Sunday School will assist the choir in the singing.

## The Gas Lights Again.

To the Citizens:  
 Your correspondent of last week, asking for lights up Washington street, is too awfully particular. The next thing he will expect to have the roads up that way put in repair. If everything needed and proper were done, the Town Council would have nothing to discuss. Let us have peace.  
 X. L. P.

## Defending Liquor Sellers.

Recently Samuel F. Jones, the prominent criminal lawyer, announced in the police court that hereafter he will not appear as counsel in the criminal courts of men accused of violating the liquor laws. A reporter called upon Mr. Jones and asked him the reasons for his action. Mr. Jones, in reply, said: "It is doubtful whether there has been in this State a more general and decided feeling that something must be done to stay the ravages of intemperance, than exists today. It is by no means confined to what are known as temperance people or temperance organizations. Our business men of every class know that they are taxed to care and provide for an army of the poor and unfortunate, to say nothing of the criminal classes, brought to that condition by drink. The prisons, insane asylums, poorhouses, and numerous charitable institutions all about us furnish abundant proof. And all this misery is tolerated in order that a few may make a little money. There is no disguising the fact that commodities unhealthful and poisonous are sold right here in Hartford under the guise and name of spirituous liquors. The Good Samaritans, recognizing the fact that legislation in the present condition of political parties cannot or does not furnish the relief desired, or the reform demanded, are making vigorous efforts in this and the adjoining States to create a public sentiment against liquor drinking. They are reinforced by a class of men whose efforts must and will be productive of great good. Indeed, some of our best criminal lawyers say publicly that they will no longer appear in court as defenders or apologists for men prosecuted for violation of the law relative to the sale of liquor. For myself, I have become personally disgusted with the whole liquor traffic, and although not a professed temperance man, I shall hereafter have nothing to do with the defense of men accused of violating the liquor law."—*Hartford (Conn.) Post*

A letter carrier at Montgomery, Ala., delivered a letter a few days ago that was written in 1850. The woman who wrote it is still alive, but her husband, who forgot to mail it, is dead, fortunately for him.

## LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. SCOTT RUSSELL'S SEA STORIES.

The sea stories of Mr. W. Clark Russell have obtained celebrity which places him among the very first writers of marine fiction. Not even Mayhew has been more popular. The line is, in truth, a limited one and the few books which comprise its literature are unendingly interesting. Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log," and the "Cruise of the Midge," are famous examples. "The Green Hand," a "Short Yarn," is another, admirably well contrived and reflecting the highest honor upon George Cripples, its author, who originally contributed it to the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. A similar story from his pen, "The Deserted Ship," is as wild and unique a narrative as a boy's heart can wish. This is no place in which to enumerate the name and writings of Cooper and Kingston and Nordhoff, who have all of them given us stories of the sea. Capt. Chamier's books furnish half a dozen titles of moderate value. But, in comparison with these, the various volumes to which Mr. Russell has set his name, are infinitely more attractive and decidedly greater in bulk.

Mr. Russell follows on the path of the merchant sailor. He revives the old interest awakened by De Foë's "Robinson Crusoe" and Dumas' "Three Years Before the Mast," as in Melville's "White-Jacket," and "Omoo," he takes us into the sailor's daily life. His earliest success was "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," which became famous not merely for its close and correct descriptions but for its delineations of ocean scenery.

Mr. Russell is the master of sunsets and storms, clouds and incidents. He moves with us, in the happiest and most earnest language, through the varying scenes of his plot. And the plot is itself naturally limited. A study of his books with the purpose never hitherto made, so far as we are aware, will illustrate our meaning.

In the "Wreck of the Grosvenor," a crew revolt through bad food and coarse landing. The experience is that of a mutinous set of naturally evil men; with storm and wreck coming upon the top of the other difficulties and with a delicate and beautiful story running throughout. "An Ocean Free Lance" is nothing if not a chronicle of blood and wounds in the old "wooden wall period"—the days of Nelson and the heroes of the boarding spike and the cannonade. "A Sailor's Sweetheart" is as pretty a bit of work as Mr. Russell has given us. It is dainty and graceful and full of strong and masterly pictures of the vicissitudes of the deep. This, too, is a legend of wreck and rescue. "Auld Lang Syne," however, is partly shore and partly sea—a frail thing for which there is not much use. So is "A Sea Queen," which is hard to get into—to really begin—but which has some few good points in illustration of the heroism of an actual person, a captain's wife cast upon her own resources in a time of storm and danger. "Jack's Courtship" ought never to have been written. It has a deal of rhodomontade to it; it seems to have been composed on a type writer by steam. It is a long time beginning to commence and when it has once fairly begun it is mighty quick in finishing. Yet it does not lack some fine and novel passages—notably the brief experience of mystery during which an unpleasant rival is disposed of by sea-sickness. But to our taste "Little Loo" is as good as the "Wreck of the Grosvenor"—in which is actually preceded in time by competition. It is the homeliest and most realistic study of the modern sailor which can be found anywhere. Mr. Russell, in his preface to it, seems to indicate his preference to be much the same as our own.

We have reserved a word of commendation for two volumes of collected sketches—"My Watch Below," and "Round the Galaxy Fire," in which an author appears to advantage as a student of the sea and of sailors. With these different pictures exhausting the variety of this sort of story there remains two other books by Mr. Russell which stand out as thoroughly original conceptions. One is "The Lady Mand," in which the pleasure excursion of a yacht changes to a disastrous wreck and the passenger—who had previously been a mate in the merchant service—organizes the elements of rescue. Like all the other stories except the "Ocean Free Lance," this is a yarn spun by the man most concerned—and well spun too.

The book now before us is the latest issue of the Franklin Square Library of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, over the name of Mr. Russell. It is called "John Holdswick: CIPHER MAN," and, like "The Lady Mand," it is thoroughly original in its conception. It is also related to the third person. Holdswick is a mate, ready to become a captain—one of our author's favorite characters—and he reminds us at once of the typical sailor of the preceding books. He had been lately married and leaves his wife with great reluctance and regret. The vessel and captain and passengers and crew are treated in the best style of the art. But the handling of the account of the wreck and the awful experience of the open boat with thirst and famine and death, are beyond anything which Mr. Russell had previously achieved, in tragic power and fidelity to truth. Whoever has read the "Mutiny of the Bounty" in Bleigh's Narrative; or Byron's narrative of the "Loss of the 'Wager,' Mar of War," or the "Loss of the Sloop Peggy," or the dreadful "Wreck of the Medusa," will reveal every one of them as he follows, with a weird fascination, the record of his brave battle for life. Rescued from this boat—his comrades dead and himself all but gone—it is no wonder that Holdswick's memory is utterly torpid. Nothing suggests the past. He is in that strange state which medical science has authenticated and which Mr. Russell now utilizes for his story. Three years of oblivion pass, spent with kind friends in Australia. At length the groping mind gets light enough to guide it to England; then by degrees (and this is capitally managed) home of the old neighborhood and the wife. Yet even here a surprise is reserved and the case is partially suggestive of "Enoch Arden," to which we cannot but think our author is indebted for something of the thought. Holdswick finds his wife remarried, under the stress of great poverty, to a dissipated, dissipated man. Like "Enoch Arden" he hesitates to make himself known—but the occasion serving and the dentist being conveniently dead, he breaks the grief into joy by revealing who he is, and all ends well. The style is

something which apparently combines some of Charles Reade's strength and William Black's delicacy. Yet it is characteristically, and always, Mr. Russell's own. The plot is slight enough. It is the thorough naturalness and sharp delineation of the figures which entitles "John Holdswick" to rank among the very best of W. Scott Russell's stories.

**THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS UPMORE, BART. M. P., FORMERLY KNOWN AS "TOMMY UPMORE,"** by R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," etc.—New York, Harpers, 1884—12 mo., pp. 255.

"Tommy Upmore" is one of those curious books which make us wonder why men spend the time, and the good English of an excellent style, in their composition. To the American mind there is a doleful lack of *raison d'être* in the theme and in the characters. Of plot there is nothing worth mentioning. But it is certain, that if ever any man wrote a thoroughly well equipped style, that man is R. D. Blackmore.

The principal person is Tommy himself, who is a volatile, or rather aerial youth, with a tendency upon occasion to literally "go up" like one of Peter Wilkins' flying islands. This peculiarity elevates his rank in society and ultimately puts him into Parliament, where he crowns his career by floating in an oak beam above the speaker's head and there singing a patriotic song in a time of critical division, when the country is understood to be going to the dogs at a rapid pace, and to need the restorative of conservative sentiment.

It appears to us that the book is full of local hits at scientific people; and that it is a thinly disguised satire of the ambitious middle classes in English politics. To the best informed Americans this must prove very dull reading in spots. To the other sort of American, who does not care a copper about Lords or Commons, it is plain that the volume will presently assume a rather serious tone.

Yet if ever the words "charm of style" ought to be employed they should be used here. We could note many a sentence that, for quiet humor and self-contained ease of expression, need not go to seek its master anywhere in English fiction. These opinions, and this concluding judgment, we feel perfectly safe in expressing, for the book is unique and most readers will not take kindly to it. And yet they should, too, for it has real attractiveness of its own.

The *Century* for July is to our thinking a great improvement over the *Century* for June. There was in that number scarcely anything one wanted to read—although the illustrations were, as usual, exceedingly fine. The poetry is, even yet, rather too aesthetic for the average reader but the reviewer who deals with recent American verse in the *Open Letters* is evidently in a state of glow and glory and sees everything in a halcyon atmosphere. How he can speak of Mr. Abbey's book, for instance, as containing "labyrinths of vast and improving imagery" is beyond our guessing. Otherwise this number of the *Century*, with its fine, full length portrait of John Bright; its interesting history of the Ku Klux Klan, from its days of masquerade to its days of massacre; its queer sketch, the "Reversible Land-scape," by Frank R. Stockton; and its bright paper on the "Minister and the Music," by Dr. C. S. Robinson, and with other admirable stories and essays, contributes a most readable periodical. Dare we venture to hint that the largest constituency for this brilliant magazine will be permanent found among a class of people who despise "lamp, limp lilies," and to whom the "rapheux and the roses" of pre-Raphaelism have become more and more obnoxious?

The *Manhattan* is also rejoicing in a new cover, a vast improvement over the old one. The contents, too, are enlarged in quantity and the quality is as fresh and bright as ever. We particularly commend the plain speaking of Frank Vincent, Jr.'s paper on the "White Elephant." It will be a revelation of truth to unscrupulous circus men. The *Manhattan*'s illustrations are an honor to it, approaching well towards the standard of the *Century* and *Harpers*. It scarcely seemed, when the magazine started, that it could make a success of itself. But the experience of "Hours at Home," the "Galaxy," and the old "Putnam's," "Knickerbocker," and "Graham's," ought to be sufficient to show what a large mass of people in this country will read trash and will read, eagerly, good, healthy and cheerful literature. For this class—never so numerous as now—the *Manhattan* is steadily setting an excellent table.

## Bring on Your Eucalyptus!

The blue gum has been ill-naturedly called the vampire of the vegetable kingdom, a title which is surely a misnomer for the tree which, put to its legitimate uses, has done so much toward beautifying with its graceful evergreen thousands of barren places in this State where no other tree would equally thrive. California short of its eucalypti would present many a desolate landscape which to-day is cheerful and picturesque.

In malarial districts a small forest of these trees, by tapping and exhausting stagnant pools and low-lying marshes, does more good than any amount of imported drugs or expensive prescriptions. In other places devoid of shade the tree performs a mission of duty and restfulness, its far-reaching branches breaking the monotony of the view and forming cool oases of grateful shade. As a timber tree the value of the eucalyptus is as yet greatly underestimated, but soon destined to be forced on public attention.

Even a blessing, however, may be perverted or misapplied. A tall eucalyptus growing in a small garden among ornamental shrubs and trees and overshadowing windows where sunlight should enter, is not in its right place. Out of proportion to the surroundings, its trunk and branches take on a ghastly, skeleton look, scaring the roses out of bloom and sapping the whole garden with its sponge-like roots till no life is left for other vegetation. Owners of homes in Santa Barbara are gradually cutting down such of these gigantic Australian weeds as are too near their premises.

Considerable expense in cleaning and rewalling. Investigation proved that the whole trouble had originated from a mass of blue gum tree roots, which had forced themselves into the well from trees growing about 60 feet away. A case of a similar nature has just been reported from Santa Maria. A well 90 feet deep there had become unfit for use, and when a man was sent to the bottom of the well to ascertain the difficulty, he discovered there almost a solid mass of blue gum tree roots woven across from wall to wall.

Countless other instances are cited, and it seems evident that as a garden pet the eucalyptus must be abjured. On the other hand, there are not half enough of these natural scavengers in and around the city, for either beauty or cleanliness. If we are not to have a sewer system very soon, we should have the next best thing to it, the blue gum.—*The Occident, San Francisco.*

## It Was All His Fault.

"When we were married thirteen months ago," said Stephen Miley, as he rocked a two months' old child in his arms at the tomb where his wife was a prisoner, "we had a comfortable home and she was a good wife. Now our home is broken up and I am a ruined man and she is a habitual drunkard. And it's my fault."

"Why do you hold yourself responsible?" inquired the Judge. "It was I who learned her to drink," he replied sadly. "She detested the stuff, but being tempted she fell. It has now such a strong hold upon her that she is lost forever. How well do I remember the first time she remarked while raising the glass to her lips, 'if I learn to be a drunkard, Steve, it will be your fault.'"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the Justice sternly to the wife. "By your drinking to excess you have ruined"—"Don't scold her, Judge," pleaded the husband, "please don't; it was all my fault."

"What do you want done with her?" "Give her a few months; it might change her and it might not. At least it's worth trying."

"You ought to get ten years for tempting her to drink," said the Court, sternly. "I deserve it," he said, bitterly.

"Three months in the Workhouse, Mary," remarked the magistrate.

"Oh, Steve, Steve!" exclaimed the wife, stretching forth her hands appealingly toward her husband; "let me give my darling baby one kiss before we part. Oh, you sweet, innocent darling," she murmured as she almost smothered the infant's face with kisses. "Mamma will come to you soon, and then we will never part again."

"God grant that it may be so," said the husband as he took the child from her.

Hypocrites are wicked. They hide their defects with so much care that their hearts are poisoned by them.—*Marguerite de Valois.*

Wrongs entrenched in bad legislation can never be converted into vested rights.

W. & J. T. J.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

The Editors of the *Citizen* do not hold themselves responsible for anything that may be printed in this column.

Our English sister, Mrs. M. J. Pearson, did not give us the expected Temperance sermon on Sunday evening, but chose rather to give a purely Gospel address, as it was on the Sabbath. Although a large number had gathered together to hear about Temperance, and were at first disappointed that this subject was not touched upon, still no one felt to express anything of the kind because each realized the wonderful power of the simple, lovely and spiritual Gospel talk. The power of the Spirit is wonderfully demonstrated in this earnest and eloquent worker. She speaks with an unctious from on high and all must have felt its power.

Mrs. Pearson conducted the entire service herself with the exception of the closing prayer, offered by Dr. Stubbett, who seemed to have enjoyed extremely the privilege of listening to such glowing words in praise of our blessed Lord and Master.

The Bible reading of itself was as good as a sermon, and very refreshing. The fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel was the portion selected and commented upon verse by verse as it was read. The subject of the sermon was the walk to Emmaus. Especial stress was laid upon this thought, that Christ our Lord would, if earnestly besought and constrained, abide with the believer in loving fellowship; and also that sweet communion with the Altogether Lovely One could and should be constant and full. Companionship with Him brings fullness of joy that no earthly good or prosperity can ever produce, and that no ill or sorrow can take away. There were many of her attentive audience who did truly feel their hearts turning within them as she spoke so tenderly of their own soul's Redeemer. Many believers would have rejoiced then and there to have testified to their ordination of and devotion to this same Precious One.

A very earnest appeal to the unconverted was then made that they should now open the door of their hearts where He has stood knocking so long and receive Him gladly to sup with them that they might know Him in intimate acquaintanceship. After the sermon a short prayer meeting was held, and then, after many warm greetings from those who are one in Christ, all separated. But we feel assured that the thoughts of many of her hearers have turned to her burning words many times since then.

We hope in September to have our sister with us again for two evenings, when she will tell us of the Temperance Work in her native land.

M. E. B.

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